



ful sad and caytif was she eek,
And also grene as any leek.
So yvel hewed was hir colour,
Hir semed have lived in langour.
She was lyk thing for hungre deed,
That ladde hir tyf only by breed
Kneden with eisel strong and egre;
And therto she was lene and megre.
And she was clad ful povrely,
Al in an old torn courtpey,
As she were al with dogges torn;
And bothe bihinde and eek biforn
Clouted was she beggarly.
A mantel heng hir faste by,
Upon a perche, weyke and smalle;
A burnet cote heng therwithalle,
furred with no menivere,
But with a furre rough of here,
Of lambeskinnes hevy and blake;
It was ful old, I undertake,
for Avarice to clothe hir wel
Ne hasteth hir, never a del;
for certeynly it were hir loth
To weren ofte that ilke cloth;
And if it were forwered, she
Wolde have ful greet necessitee
Of clothing, or she boughte hir newe,

Al were it bad of wolle and hewe.
This Avarice held in hir hande
A purs, that heng down by a bande;
And that she hidde and bond so stronge,
Men must abyde wonder longe
Out of that purs or ther come ought,
for that ne cometh not in hir thought;
It was not, certein, hir entente
That fro that purs a peny wente. **Envye**
AND by that image, nygh ynough,
Was peynt Envye, that never lough,
Nor never wel in herte ferde
But if she outhur saugh or herde.
Som greet mischaunce, or greet disese,
Nothing may so moch hir plesse
As mischef and misaventure;
Or whan she seeth discomfiture
On any worthy man to falle,
Than lyketh hir ful wel withalle.
She is ful glad in hir corage,
If she see any greet linage
Be brought to nought in shamful wyse.
And if a man in honour ryse,
Or by his witte, or by prowesse,
Of that hath she gret hevynesse;
for, trusteth wel, she goth nigh wood
Whan any chaunce happeth good.



Envye is of swich crueltee,
That feith ne trouthe holdeth she
To freend ne felawe, bad or good.
Ne she hath kin noon of hir blood,
That she nis ful hir enemy;
Shenolde, I dar seyn hardely,
hir owne fader ferde wel.
And sore abyeth she everydel
hir malice, and hir maltalent;
for she is in so greet turment
And hath such wo, whan folk doth good,
That nigh she melteth for pure wood;
hir herte hereth and tobreketh
That God the peple wel awaketh.
Envye, wys, shal never lette
Som blame upon the folk to sette.
I trowe that if Envye, wys,
Knewe the beste man that is
On this syde or biyond the see,
Yit somewhat lakken him wolde she.
And if he were so hende and wys,
That she ne mighte at abate his prys,
Yit wolde she blame his worthinesse,
Or by hir wordes make it lesse.
I saugh Envye, in that peynting,
Hadde a wonderfule loking;
for she ne loketh but awry,

Or overthwart, al baggingly.
And she hadde eek a foul usage;
She mighte loke in no visage
Of man or womman forthright pleyn,
But shette oon ye for disdeyn;
So for envye brenned she
Whan she mighte any man ysee,
That fair, or worthy were, or wys,
Or elles stood in folkes prys.

SOROWE was peynted next Envye
Upon that walle of masonrye. **Sorowe**
But wel was seen in hir colour
That she hadde lived in langour;
hir semed have the jauntye.
Nought half so pale was Avaryce,
Nor nothing lyk, as of leneesse;
for sorowe, thought, and greet distresse,
That she hadde suffred day and night
Made hir ful yelwe, and nothing bright,
ful fade, pale, and megre also.
Was never wight yit half so wo
As that hir semed for to be,
Nor so fulfilled of ire as she.
I trowe that no wight mighte hir plesse,
Nor do that thing that mighte hir ese;
Nor she ne wolde hir sorowe slake,
Nor comfort noon unto hir take;